Me thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou ſpeakeſt
With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Gloſt. Me thinks y'ar better ſpoken. (feareful
Edg. Come on ſir, her's the place, ſtand ſtill, how
And dizi tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low
The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers ſampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head,
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beach
Appeare like miſe, and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cock, her cock a boui
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight, the murmuring ſurge
That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes
Cannot be heard, its ſo hie ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Gloſt. Set me where you ſtand?
Edg. Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of th'extreame verge, for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
Gloſt. Let goe my hand,
Here friend's another purſſe, in it a iewell,
Well worth a poore mans taking, Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Gloſt. VVith all my heart. (to cure it.
Edg. Why I do trifell thus with his diſpaire is done
Gloſt. O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*
This world I doe renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer and not fall
To quarel with your great oppoſſes wils
My ſnurff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out, if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now